

*Granville*

# *Almonds for Parrots:*

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## OR, A SOFT ANSWER

To a Scurrilous SATYR, call'd;

### St. James's Park.

With a Word or two in Praise of

## CONDONS.

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*Inscrib'd to the Worthy Gentlemen at WILLS.*

Πολλάκις Τοι μυεῖς ἀνής κατα καιεῖσθαι

*Fools often pay for peeping.*

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L O N D O N :

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# Almonds for Parrots, &c.

A R.I.S.E, my Muse; expand thy soaring Wing;  
 Of lofty Things in lofty Numbers sing.  
 How glorious 'tis by soothing Arts to please!  
 But Truth's a loathsome scandalous Disease,  
 That's seldom found but in a Thread-bare Coat;  
 For all that own it, are not worth one Groat.  
 Adieu then, thou pernicious Weed of Wit,  
 For Oratory or Poetry alike unfit.  
 So, sure, who fashions himself to thee alone,  
 Need not dispute at all to be undone.

Shake off this dull unfashionable Thing,  
 As Giant G——th harrangues, I'd have thee sing.  
 Make Blenheim-Heroes of your fighting Sots,  
 And write whole Episodes on Gally-Pots.  
 Like B——k——re, Bombast use for Epick Strain,  
 Then conjure up old Lauderdale again,  
 And recommend him for a handsome Man.  
 Satyr, Lampoon, and Burlesque's made to fit.  
 Fools that are full of Humour and of Wit;  
 But labour'd Nonsense only can be found,  
 By studious Sophs, in Calf and Sheep Skin bound.

Be cautious then, my Muse; give no Offence;  
 Rather than use thy Wit, forget thy Sense,  
 For Fortune has enshrin'd the Fool in Pence.  
 Worship the Idol, if thou wouldst have Store;  
 None else are Rich, but those that will Adore.

Strike, strike thy Strings, and tune thy moving Lyre;  
 Try what the Pow'r of Mammon can inspire.  
 Hark, hark, the pleasing Melody begins,  
 And charms like a young Harlot when at first she Sins.  
 Rapt with the Thoughts of Pleasure, such we see  
 Always produc'd by jingling Poetry:  
 In which, like empty Vessels, there is nought  
 But Sounds discording, void of Sense or Thought.

Avoid

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Avoid this *Scylla* then of fatal Rhyme,  
And strive to please, as well as play in Time.  
How glorious bright L——n and G——d shine!  
And fragrant smell, like any Columbine!  
Whose Lilly Looks, at first Appearance, show  
The Blood-red Courage of his Heart below,  
The Ladies well may such a Soldier fear,  
That carries bearded Arrows ev'ry where,  
His Shape, his Mein, his Eyes prevail;  
But the great Secret of his Charms, lies in his T——  
Bless me! what silly Things are Women grown,  
Compar'd to th' pretty Fellows of the Town!  
For Shame, ye Fair, your boasted Charms disown.  
No more expect to be address'd again,  
But put on on Breeches, and attack the Men.  
You may perhaps find something more to say,  
Than in dumb Language court the Modern *W<sup>m</sup>*.  
You then may find the Men made to your Mind,  
Soft, Complaisant, Agreeable, and Kind;  
Gentle as *Wal<sup>r</sup>*, when he's pleas'd to smile,  
Like Maidens taught at Fifteen to beguile.  
But sure no Virgin of this Age will dare  
Her Beauty with his Breeding to compare!  
For one so nicely vers'd in ev'ry Art  
The Females use, must be allow'd his Part:  
He knows to vanquish, or to yield a Heart:  
He knows each Knack and Myt'ry of the Fair  
To crimp and curl, take off, or put on Hair;  
To cleanse the Teeth, wash, patch, or paint;  
Look pert, or else demure as any Saint;  
He knows the wond'rous Arts soine have to please;  
How to prevent, or cure the foul Disease;  
How to Advantage best to put on Red,  
And most commodiously dispose a Bridal Bed:  
Nay, to compleat his Art, t' instruct the Fair,  
And put her in a Posture for an Heir.  
Proceed, my Muse; he's not the only He  
That, dress'd in Petty-coats, would make a beauteous She.  
How many are disguis'd in Coat and Sword,  
That speak themselves meet Women ev'ry Word;  
Sit at their Toilet ev'ry Morn they rise,  
To learn the Art of governing their Eyes;  
That ev'ry Day the pretty Things are dress'd,  
They may be taught what Looks become them best;

Whether a languishing and sleepy Grace ;  
 Will best that Day adorn their Face ;  
 Or't be expedient to look out-right,  
 And kill th' unguarded Female at first Sight.  
 These Things are well consulted at the Glass,  
 Or e're they can adjust a modish Face :  
 Which, when trimm'd up to the nice Rules of Art,  
 They doubt not but will conquer any Heart.

Thus pretty S---y reigns among the Fair,  
 And passes for the bright Idalian Star,  
 The Men are apt to take him for a She,  
 And pay false Homage to the Deity.  
 'Tis pity Nature so mistook her Way,  
 To make at once both Sexes go astray,  
 That when she did the Masculine create,  
 He should turn Tail, and prove effeminate.  
 But this in Camps may of more Service prove,  
 Where Male with Male are forc'd to kindle Love.

This cools the Rage of Feminine Desire,  
 Which so debases all their Manly Fire :  
 For who would love a silly Maid, that can  
 Be happy with that Lordly Creature, Man ?  
 When free from Female Fooleries, they may  
 Revel together all the Night and Day ;  
 Never be weary, 'till their Souls are fled  
 And they are peacefully convey'd to Bed ;  
 Where no fond She's to interrupt their Joys,  
 Or they're awak'd with Matrimonial Crys,  
 The grating Sound of squalling Girls and Boys.

Rather like B---y, in the publick Streets,  
 That kisses ev'ry Fellow that she meets,  
 Let them with rapt'rous Thoughts enjoy each other,  
 'Till ev'ry pretty Youth is made a Mother ;  
 That by their own Experience they may see  
 Th' Effect of base prepost'rous Venery.  
 How Nature startles at the foul Offence !  
 But always triumphs in bright Innocence.

Yet C---te affects the Female Gender more  
 Than F--- the Male, or R--- the Wh----.  
 But what a pleasant Prospect would it be,  
 To see in Publick this Variety !  
 Beho'd, the Breeches put on B---t---n's Wife !  
 And see a Brigadier dress'd in a Quoif !

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How like a simp'ring Sufon, Tom would look ?  
And how old M——r——n dress'd up like a Cook ?  
How for a Country Maid, Wal—— might pass,  
That was just taken fresh from Grass ?

So amiable each Creature would appear,  
The Ladies durst not shew themselves, for fear  
These modish Dalilabs should force their Rear.

Alas ! how awkward would our Women seem,  
In Mode, or Shape, or Dress, compar'd to them ?  
With such soft Voices, and such decent Pride,  
Such winning Graces, and such Ways beside,  
They Danice and Sing like any Essex Bride,  
And now they have discover'd, after all,  
What we a true Hermophrodite may call ;  
For Nature ne'er made Men so soft and fair,  
And yet adorn'd their Heads and Beards with Hair.  
But Art surpasses Nature ; and we find

Men may be transform'd into Woman-kind.  
O happy Change ! But far more wond'rous Skill !  
That cure's Love's Wounds, without the Doctor's Pill :  
Anticipates ev'n Condon's secret Art,  
At first invented to secure the Part.

O matchlets Condon ! thou'rt secur'd thy Fame  
To last as long as Condon is a Name.  
Such mighty Things are by thy Influence done,  
Thou ha'ft the foremost of this Age out-run.  
*Vulcan* himself has been out-script by thee,  
Thou Patron of the Paphian Deity.

For Mars's Heroes, shining Arms he made ;  
But thou for Venus, takes up *Vulcan*'s Trade.  
Superior much, thou do'st the God out-shine.  
*Athilles* Armour cannot match with thine.  
Thine makes the Knight invulnerable still ;  
And Condon triumph's o'er Apollo's Skill.  
Sons of the Sun, no more in vain pretend  
To heal what all your Art can never mend.  
No more to *Hermes* mighty Skill aspire ;  
Condon has quench'd the heat of Venus's Fire,

And yet preserv'd the Flame of Love's Desire.

Hail ! mighty Leader of the Condon Crew,  
Who charge the Fair, arm'd Cap-a pee, like you !  
To noble A——le first you did impart  
The secret Knowledge of your saving Art :  
Which, had you taught to O——r——ry before,  
You'd sav'd his Calfs, not such as Israel did adore,  
But such as he has offer'd to his Wh——.

And

And now, who have we of Illustrious Race,  
From my Lord's Valer, to his very Grace,  
That can be said to be instructed right,  
Unless he knows with Condons how to fight ?  
Happy Invention ! that is grown a Trade,  
Whereby some Honest People get their Bread ;  
But they in ev'ry Market can't be had,  
The Hucker-Dealers only will them sell.  
At th' Park, Spring-Garden, Play-House or the Mall,  
Tis pity that a Grant is not obtain'd,  
That something may be to the Publick gain'd ;  
That like New Rome, New Britain may appear,  
And our wise Laws appoint a Register  
To enter Condon-Hawkers ev'ry Year.

O Condon ! bless'd must be thy ecoming Brain,  
That proves at lengtht, Nature made nought in vain ;  
But such capacious Heads as thine, can find  
For what they were at first by her design'd.  
Long had the Peans of the Age, who shone  
In Arts, and boast themselves of Race divine ;  
Long had these Æsculapian Heroes vex'd  
Their leisure Thoughts, and long their Mind's perplex'd,  
To search the Cause why Nature had assign'd  
To Men and Brutes, a Gut the Learn'd call, Blind ;  
Till Condon, for the Great Invasion fam'd,  
Found out its use, and after him 'twas nam'd,  
Long will thy Story last, and thou remain  
Dear to Posterity, a Matchless Man,  
Like him at Ephesus, that burnt the sacred Fane.

What Characters of Fame shall be engrav'd on those  
That the grand Secrets of thy Art disclose ?  
Puddy shall live immortal in my Verse,  
And Condons shall adorn her moving Herse.  
But who shall sing of thy great Feats, O Moor !  
Thy Rods and Condons, which the Men adore  
Beyond the Idols worshipp'd heretofore !  
They languidly to Priapus their Off'rings made ;  
But thou ha'st Arts Moore, warmly that persuade.  
To brisk Devotion, thou excites Desire,  
And to old Age can give a youthful Fire :  
The frigid Constitution work to Flame,  
And make a Condon but an useless Name.

Hail Venerable Matron ! and receive  
The only Tribute that my Muse can give ;

Perswasive Words to move a willing Mind :  
 But you have Ways to make both Genders kind :  
 Couple 'em so, that neither disagree,  
 But in Conjunction Copulative let's see,  
 Without a Grammar Rule, right Harmony.  
 Compar'd to thee, *Priscian* was but a Fool,  
 And wanted the Instructions of thy School ;  
 Where he the Art of Flogging might have seen :  
 Practis'd on Garter Knights, both Blue and Green ;  
 Such Honours as were n're conferr'd on thee,  
 Poor Pedagogue ! of Punny Infancy.

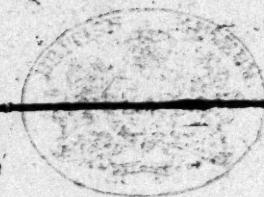
But stay my Mate, let's view that noted Pond  
 That bears the Name of beauteous *Rosamond*,  
 Where Herds of happy Shes sometimes repair,  
 To take the Breezes of the Evening Air,  
 And hide themselves from the num'rous Train  
 Of noisy, sensaless, self-conceited Men :  
 There Musick gently sooth their Lovers Ear,  
 And lulls to Rest the Courier's Thoughts of Care.  
 The busy, young Impertinent comes here,  
 Buzzing about his Nonsense ev'ry where,  
 Till all the shady, dark Retirement round,  
 Is like a Publick Fair or Market foun'd,  
 Where Women do exchange themselves for Gold,  
 As Beasts at *Smithfield* are both bought and sold.

Thus *Wh----n* has by great Example shewn  
 How he another's Wife has made his own,  
 Only by keeping, 'till the Husband's dead.  
 Then taking the chaste 'Spouse to his own Bed ;  
 And to the World proclaim his happy Choice,  
 By the loud Drum, and the shrill Trumpet's Voice,  
 Till echoing Sounds the joyful Airs repeat,  
 And make the once Unhappy, Fortunate.

Here *C----*e fome Heirels seeks to wed,  
 And *E----*b barters for a Maidenhead.  
 Nought but a Countess will with *M----* down,  
 Who takes the common Draught of all the Town ;  
 Yet'spleas'd to think th' untoward Dowdy She  
 Affects this Air, to hide her Quality.

*O----n incog.* pretends to be a Cit,  
 And so he might a *Wappineer*, for Wit.  
 The Lord would never shew he was so born,  
 Or Cit discover that he wore a Horn.

Dukes might; without Disguise, in Private palls,  
 Would they but hide their Ears, that shew the Aſe;  
 But Females have much quicker Eyes, by far;  
 The darkest Night will ſee a blazing Star;  
 Elle M--- could ne'er have known his Grace,  
 Had not he had a Mark beside his Face.  
 But, O! what Influence from a Garter flows,  
 That with the Eye too gratifies the Nose.  
 Thus S---y pleases the high pamper'd Peer,  
 Each Night he meets the rampant *Venus* here.  
 From whence, to Gibbon's they adjourn 'till Day,  
 And then his Grace steals like a Thief away.  
 Next Noon he rises conftant as the Sun,  
 That to his eve Meridian Height does run,  
 To tell at Gaunt's and White's what he has done;  
 What Beauties conquer'd, and what Battels won:  
 How in his Arms the faireſt She lie clasp'd,  
 And how ſhe melted ev'ry Time he grasp'd.  
 How all her Charms ſhe freely did dispence,  
 And how he triumph'd o're her Wit and Senſe.  
 While all this Time the Nymph was nothing more  
 Than an old batter'd Hag, or rammy Wh---,  
 One disciplin'd in War, and taught the Trade,  
 By nauseous Flattery, to get her Bread;  
 And by wiſe Management, become a Tool,  
 To please the wealthy Coxcomb, and the Fool.




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F I N I S.

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